

SATELLITE NEWS

HOLIDAY '94 & FORMERLY THE BINDING POLYMER & VOL. 6.2

First Ever ConventioCon Expo-Licious!!

The lights have dimmed, the fans have gone home and the cast & crew have finally caught up on their sleep. The First Ever ConventioCon ExpoFest-A-Rama is over. And what a time it was! We here at Best Brains had a great time and we hope everyone that came did the same, after all, we did it for you, our wonderfully supportive fans!

The first event of the ConventioCon was the Keynote Speech wherein all the writers and cast members were greeted by wild applause! Jim welcomed everyone and gave updates on Best Brains current projects and then turned the floor over to Kevin and Trace who narrated some historical footage of "The Early Days". After a (too) short Q & A session the cast quickly ran off to a Live Show while the audience was able to catch some Season 1 shows that are no longer shown on Comedy Central.

Saturday started with an autograph session that quickly ran over the hour and a half allotted. The writers and cast members patiently signed their names for over 4 hours.

The Celebrity Panel followed shortly thereafter. Beverly Garland (Swamp Diamonds, It Conquered the World), John Humphreys (Mikey from Teenage Strangler), and David Worth (Director of Warrior of the Lost World) spoke about the productions of these films and fielded questions from the audience. All of the celebrities were perfectly charming and exhibited a terrific sense of humor

about their work! They all stayed and patiently signed autographs for all, until it was time for the live show.

MST Alive! what can you say about this? From Dr. Forrester's grand entrance to the medley of old and new MST tunes, it was a fine show and horrible movie (This Island Earth)!

The Glittering Costume Ball, sponsored by Comedy Central, directly followed MST Alive! and glittering it was. And crowded too! Highlights of this event were all the great costumes and the folks that put so many hours into them! We're sorry we couldn't highlight all of them! Most memorable: the parade of Torgos.....'nuff said.

Some Stats: 2036 of you attended with representatives from 43 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico & 3 Canadian provinces. The 5 most represented states being:

Illinois - 251 attendees
Minnesota - 234 attendees
California - 172 attendees
Wisconsin - 149 attendees
Michigan - 100 attendees

By the way: the most represented state in the Forrester package was California not Minnesota!

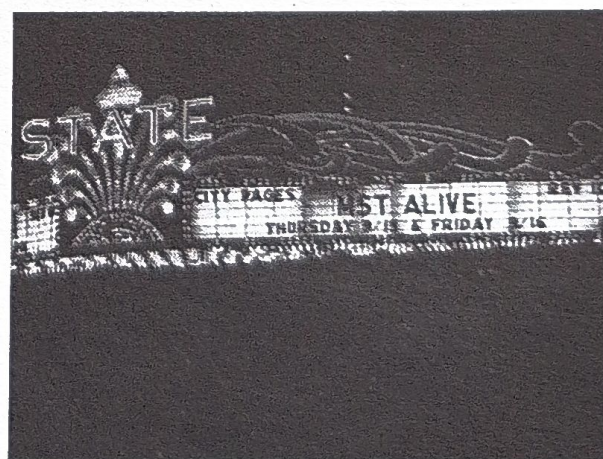
Attendees travelling the furthest came from Puerto Rico, Alaska and Coquitlam, BC Canada. We were very sorry when attendees in Hawaii and the UK had to cancel!

Based on names alone, it appears that the male/female ratio was fairly even — 52% male, 48% female.

Thus far, we've received over 500 response cards and/or letters with your feedback for "The Next Con". Based on the feedback we know "The Next Con" should have more merchandise and a BIGGER merchandise room! Who knew you guys wanted to buy so much stuff? Not us! We'll do better next time. On the subject of merchandise, many of you asked for the MST Scrapbook and the MST "Poopie" tape be offered for sale through the info club. Watch for both of these items in our Spring catalog/newsletter!

And finally, for those of you who asked "when's The Next Con?": watch for an announcement in the Spring Newsletter. We're shooting for doing another ConventioCon ExpoFest-A-Rama in the summer of 1996 in Minneapolis.

For those of you who couldn't join us this time, check out some of our pictures on the inside of the newsletter!



The Glittering Marquee at The Historic State Theatre

THE REAL NAME OF TOM SERVO

Our story continues aboard His Majesty's pleasure cruise ship *Norwegian Wood* bound for the Caribbean with a load of passengers and a terrible secret. Presently, he is below decks with his charge the Doyenne of marzipan, playing their usual parlour games

"More peach wyne, mye plantain?" The words rolled off his beak as if they'd been planted there the previous spring in an eight-inch deep seedbed of good-draining humus, balanced with a few handfuls of sphagnum peat moss, thinned and cultivated on the first hot days of summer and mulched with a mixture of composted chicken manure and fine potash until brought through full flower to the peak of ripeness and plucked at the very instant before the first Autumn frost kissed them. "Nay," came her answer, "It maketh me to through upp."

Sir Thomas Hewitt Edouard Serveau, Captain of the *Norwegian Wood*, Knight of the Dark Pages, Upender of the Great Cups of Talent, Refiner of the Uncured Oar, Viceroy of the Filter Tip and Purveyor of Fine Toiletries to His Majesty the Queen since 1182, hovered at the door, his red bulk glistening beneath a robe of finest silt. Before him, The Doyenne Eudaemonia of Marzipan, Doyenne of Gallimaufry, reclined on a soft divan, but alas it was pheasant divan, its light wine sauce and bits of mushroom squirting out in unflattering places. He brought a towel.

"Why my deare Sirr Thomass, why hast thou push-ed me unto the dinner so? And, perchance, shalle whee dyspence with the faux Middle Englysh mhyxed wyyth Welsh ahs teau ryndrr owr spycch tew bye iyndycyphrrybl?"

"Yeah", Retorted Sir Thomas, in a hefty voice soaked in Brandywine, "let's can the Elizabethan jazz and get to the smoochin'!" With that, Sir Thomas sautéed toward the Doyenne, only to trip on the edge of and ancient Persian Carpet and plummet headlong into the zabaglione with a plangent "splooth"

"Enough games, Sir Thomas. Smooch me! Smooch me!" Sir Thomas, eager to oblige, strained to pucker his lips, and finding he had none, led with his beak.

"Forward," The Doyenne whispered, "Four forward... Pickin up some dust... Contact Light. Okay, Engine stopped..." They loved this little game of theirs.

There came a call from without the cabin. "Ship approaching off the port bow, Captain Sir Tom."

Sir Thomas sighed. "Off of the table now, my dear. duty calls."

"Men," the Doyenne grumbled.

"Not me," returned Sir Thomas, "Try, 'Robot of anatomically indeterminate sex, distinguished only by chosen gender'"

"Cap-tain!" Another cry from abovedecks.

"Really, my dear, duty calls!"

Up on the poop deck, first mate George Duty called out once more, "Caaaaaaap-taiiiiiin!"

"Damme, I can hear you, Duty, halfway to Kiribati!" Tom took up the spyglass and scanned the ship abaft. "She carries the colors of one of His Majesty's Clownlies, hmmm. Yet there's something about this Aqua-Velva Man-O-War..."

"Ahoooooy, mon!" Came a lofty cry from the ship, "We are the *Natty Dread* out of Sav-La-Mar bound Noreast to England with a load of precious brownies for His majesty the Queen you know!"

"This is Captain Sir Thomas Hewitt Eduard Serveau of His Majesty's Light Pleasure Frigate Regiment Ship *Norwegian Wood* carrying tennis players bound for Bermuda!"

"Did you say 'Thom Servo'?"

"No, I said Sir Thomas Hewitt."

"I know, but do you sometimes carry the name 'Thom Servo'?"

"Until now, no. Perhaps my bully boys call me 'Tom Serveau', or 'Serveaux' where the 'x' is silent, and often in a gay mood, 'Sir Tom', but never 'Thom', no. Why?"

"Why? Why? Because, sir, I owe you a debt of vengeance." The seemingly nice captain of the *Natty Dread* now slipped off his very good disguise

to reveal the laughing face of Sir Tom's arch nemesis: Baron Ivan Dillitante Crow de R'obot.

"Prepare to be boarded!" Cried Baron R'obot, "Bos'n, Fly the Ranking Roger!"

A black flag rose up the *Natty*

Dread's Mizzen, bearing the face of the mighty English Musician and secret pirate above a pair of crossed drumsticks.

"A Picaroon! We're knobweasled!" Yelled Duty, just as he became passenger on a sixteen pounder bound for the *Norwegian Wood's* mainsail. "Stay frosty, boys, we're fighting for the Queen now!"

"Why?" someone asked, but too late, they were into the battle.

The *Natty Dread* was yar and lasted to the pommalifts with armament. The *Norwegian Wood* was a pleasure frigate with some target bows and a couple of twelve gauge shotguns for shooting skeet off the fantail. the battle didn't last too long.

The boy stood on the burning deck. "Hey boy," Called Captain Tom, "Get the heck off that deck, can't you see it's burning, fer cryin' out loud?" As suddenly as it happened, the starboard gunwale was shattered by a sixteen-pound cannonball which landed squarely on the Newcastle.

"The ale!" came the cry, "The ale! They hit the Newkie Brown! All is lost!" having seen their precious daily ration of grog leak down the deck, the dispirited crew gave up. They were easily overtaken by the crew of the *Natty Dread*.

Captain Tom, fighting with his all, tripped on a shuffleboard puck and dropped his cutlass. Grabbed by the crusty mates, he was brought before his dreaded rival.

"Well, if it isn't my old friend Sir Thom."

"It's 'Tom', you iatrogenically scarred fumarole!"

Reeling from words he did not understand, Baron R'obot called for a dictionary, which he used to hit Sir Tom really hard, twice.

"Well, feeling a little bookish, Sir Thom? But enough games. We have you ship, your cargo of lobster and ice-cream, and we have the Doyenne."

Sir Tom looked over to the Doyenne, she was bound and gagged, put in a straight jacked, thrust in a sack, bound with rope, packed into a box, which was bound with chains, covered with a lovely

silk sheet and dropped into the ocean. Thank the stars she's an escape artist, thought Sir Tom.

"And now, Sir Thom, if you will kindly hand over the letter..."

"Er, which letter would that be?"

The dictionary came down hard, leaving the impression of fine morocco across his dome.

"You know which letter I mean! The letter which reveals your real name, and with it, the name of the secret family, and the hidden scandal which could bring down the Queen Himself!"

Be with us next time as we see Sir Thomas try to slip the surly clutches of Baron Crow de R'obot and recover the letter which reveals THE REAL NAME OF TOM SERVO!



The Way I See It By Michael J. Nelson

Well, it's football time again and who doesn't feel the surge of adrenaline every time those titans of the grid-iron do battle for sports' ultimate crown. Although I admit I haven't personally watched football for some little time now, I still keep pretty close tabs on the proceedings. I'm not normally a betting man, but I've got my money on Kenny Anderson and his mighty Bengals to go the distance this year. Look for the Ken-Monster to go long to the soft hands of Chris Collinsworth time and time again.

And what about Eric Dickerson. Oh, Mama. If I'm not wrong, Fouts will be dishing the ball to "His Nibs" to the tune of 8000 yards or so. It's certainly not that my masculinity is tied up in it, 'cause I can assure you, it isn't, but, boy oh boy, does Payton look good this year. Enough said.

I've always been a big Cardinal fan, and this year, the kids from St. Louis look like a one-man wrecking-crew. Keep your betting money in your pockets for those hapless Baltimore Colts, however 'cause their division is gonna be steamrolled by Payton's Bears. GRrrrrrr. Say it with me, now. Fridge, Fridge, Fridge, Fridge. If Ditka can keep a tight leash on MacMahon, look for them to go undefeated.

Is Johnny Unitas still around, 'cause boy can that guy play the game. And Ara Parseghian, Wow! Well, I gotta go, but I certainly encourage you to go the games this year and see some of the exciting players that I've highlighted for you in my little monograph on the subject. Have a beer at the game—"tailgate" if you like. Wager money on the event or bring your kids and make it "family date". Football is for everyone. Enjoy.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER

By Paul Chaplin

The American Character.

That was the name of a History Book I had in the sixth grade. So the point of the whole year was to teach us little kids all about the American Character.

The main image I retained of The American Character was that of George Washington, crossing the Delaware. He looked very noble and determined: you knew that whatever else he accomplished in his life, here was a guy who was going to cross the Delaware.

Standing in the bow, gazing across the Delaware - the man looks terrific.

To this day I don't know why he had to cross the Delaware. It seems like it must have been very important. I doubt it a sudden whim: "Hey Colonel, grab a few guys and row me across the Delaware. Let's check it out."

I do know why he was being rowed, however. It just looks good. Try to picture Washington rowing himself across the Delaware, lining up on a pine tree, turning around every few strokes to see where he was. Or Washington tooling across the Delaware with a little 10-horse Johnson.

I believe, by the way, that the Delaware was the same river across which Washington threw a dollar, later in his career. So apparently our first President had a thing where if something was on one side of the Delaware, it would just be better if it was on the other side of the Delaware.

Wait - I've just been informed it was the Potomac he threw a dollar across. I guess that screws up my whole argument.

Oh well. In weeks ahead I hope to continue this discussion of The American Character.

A Note on our New Catalog

In addition to all our new items, we've got some new shipping costs. Yes, our shipping prices went up. We've decided to start sending everything First Class to make sure our orders arrive, and arrive in a timely fashion. Third Class mail isn't worth all the problems we've had -- for us & for you! Because of this, we have to charge more. We think this will work lots better for all concerned!

Holiday Orders

A special note for holiday orders, if your order is post-marked by DEC 1ST, we will guarantee holiday delivery. Order early, order often!

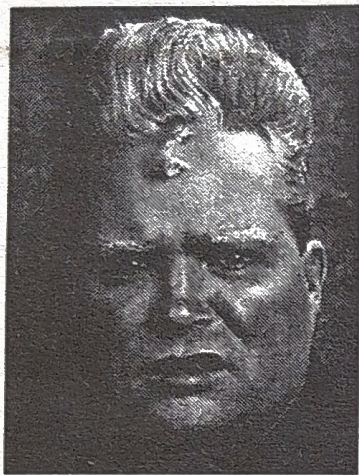
Julie
Info Club Poobah

Mystery Science Theater 3000
SATELLITE NEWS/Best Brains, Inc.
P.O. Box 5325
Hopkins, MN 55343
USA



14980 TERRENO D FLORES
LOS GATOS CA 95032

50656



Scraped from the Cutting Room Floor

by TV's Frank

Many people, when they see Adam West in "Zombie Nightmare," feel sorry for him. Please don't. As far as he was concerned, when he made the film, he was treated with every bit of respect a star of his magnitude expects.

First off all, in order to get West to the film set, the producers were willing to PAY FOR HIS AIRFARE! ROUND TRIP! Sure, he had to fly couch, but he was allowed to have his pick of aisle or window seat. He chose aisle because he needed easy access to the bathroom, due to a bladder infection he once got from Burt Ward.

Once he arrived on location, he was given first class accommodations. As a matter of fact, he thought it was the nicest Motel 6 he had ever stayed at. Sure, his room was right next to the ice machine, and he almost complained, but when he realized he got free local calls, he knew he was in PERK CITY!

And when it was time for West to be paid, the producers promptly gave him his check. Reports vary as the amount of the sum, but reliable sources confirm that it was well into the high two figures! West was a bit peeved when he had to cash his check at the llocal CASH STOP, where there was a 20% check cashing charge, but he did have enough left over for a six pack, and at this point, that was all he cared about.

Admirably, on the set of "Zombie Nightmare" Adam West let nothing affect his performance; not the rushed working conditions, not the dreary weather, not even his years of training and professional experience. He let nothing in; he sent nothing out. He was the consummate professional.

So please, don't feel sorry for Adam West. He's been luckier than most people who enter the acting profession. He shows up; he does his job; he pays the bills. That's a successful show biz career.

Crow Speaks



Howdy do all you out there in TV land. Crow T. reporting. Well, well, well, we have been a busy bunch haven't we. Lots to tell, so why don't we...."K"?

Oh, honey everyone who is any one was there. There was so much to do and see.

What a swell, and I doooo mean "Faaaaaabulous" party it was. Gadding about by the pool. Hanging out in the bar. Soaking up the local color. Lunching with the rich. Schmoozing with the famous. Lavishing in the specter of the event. Drinking it all in. Dancing till dawn. Tripping the light. Rubbing the elbows. Chatting up the guests. Putting on the dog. Bustin'-a-gut. Flirting with the band. Gorging on the buffet. Downing hot lashings of champagne. Hosing down the hall. Picking up the place. Scrapping off the stains. Calling the police. Explaining it to the judge. Paying off the local officials. Denying it in the press. Lying about it later. Oh you should have been there! but then of course, you were.

Ta Ta Till next time #(:)o

Ed. note:

The position of *Producer* carries with it an aura of mystery and power. Exactly what is a *Producer* and how does one become a *Producer*? What do *Producers* eat and where do *Producers* buy their clothes? What is on *Producers'* minds? Having a *Producer* here at Best Brains we decided open a corner of this newspaper to our very own *Producer*, Jim Mallon.

Producer's Corner

Perhaps the greatest joy of being the *Producer* of Mystery Science Theater 3000 is that I get to play *Doom* during breaks in my long, tedious, and difficult production days. Sometimes I play solo games pitting myself against the monsters lurking about the other-world *Doom* landscape. For greater enjoyment I often take on Mike or Kevin or Trace (or sometimes all three!) in *deathmatches* (multi-player games). Here at Best Brains I am the undisputed *Doom Deathmatch* Master and try as the others might, I rarely lose.

Recently the people at Id software, the people that created *Doom*, released a new version of *Doom* called *Doom II*. Here is what I think of *Doom II*:

Most family holidays would find the Mallon clan around a card table locked in the feverish combat of Parker Brothers' world conquest board game, *Risk*. In my family I was known as the *Risk Master*, the undisputed champion of game whose guile and luck

was unstoppable. Try as my family might to unseat me from my position in the end the world was always mine.

One year Parker Brothers came up with a new upgrade of *Risk*. I was much younger then but it was thrilling to see my old trusted friend arriving with new art direction all shriek wrapped and crisp-like. Inside revealed a few more changes particularly the little wooden marker units were now a snazzy tri-sided plastic affair. The game still played the same but it was different, not better, not worse, and that, my dear friends, is how I feel about *Doom II*.

Sure, one can argue that the new double-barrel shotgun (dubbed the supergun by the manual writer) adds a new edge to the weaponry at your disposal. Yes, there is a flock of new aliens loitering in the hallways. There are new walls, floors and ceilings. In the end, however, the game has not changed at all. *Doom II* is really *More of Doom I*. And that's just fine with me. I don't want this game to change. *Doom* is and will always be a classic in computer gaming. Long after all of its innovations have been topped I guarantee you will always remember your first trip down the first person perspective hallway. I am glad to see the folks at Id had the sense not to mess it up.

Well, that's how I feel about *Doom II*. Next newsletter I'll let you know how I feel about something else.

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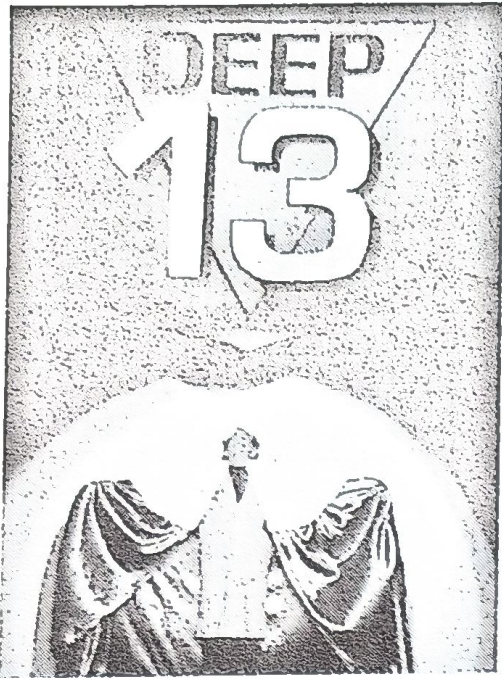
Turkey Day Schedule

8PM Wed Nov 23 ... Kitten With a whip
10PM Wed Nov 23 .. Mitchell
12AM Thurs Nov 24. The Giant Gila Monster
2AM Thurs Nov 24 . The Killer Shrews
4AM Thurs Nov 24.. The Day The Earth Froze
6AM Thurs Nov 24.. Time of the Apes
8AM Thurs Nov 24.. Santa Claus Conquers the Martians
10AM Thurs Nov 24. It Conquered the World
12PM Thurs Nov 24 . Swamp Diamonds
2PM Thurs Nov 24 .. Gunslinger

4PM Thurs Nov 24 .. Teenage Caveman
6PM Thurs Nov 24 .. Girls Town
8PM Thurs Nov 24 .. Gamera vs. Zigra
10PM Thurs Nov 24 . Zombie Nightmare

As always, you can call Comedy Central for the most up to date MST Schedule, at (212)767-8851

Enjoy some of our favorite shots from the Convention!



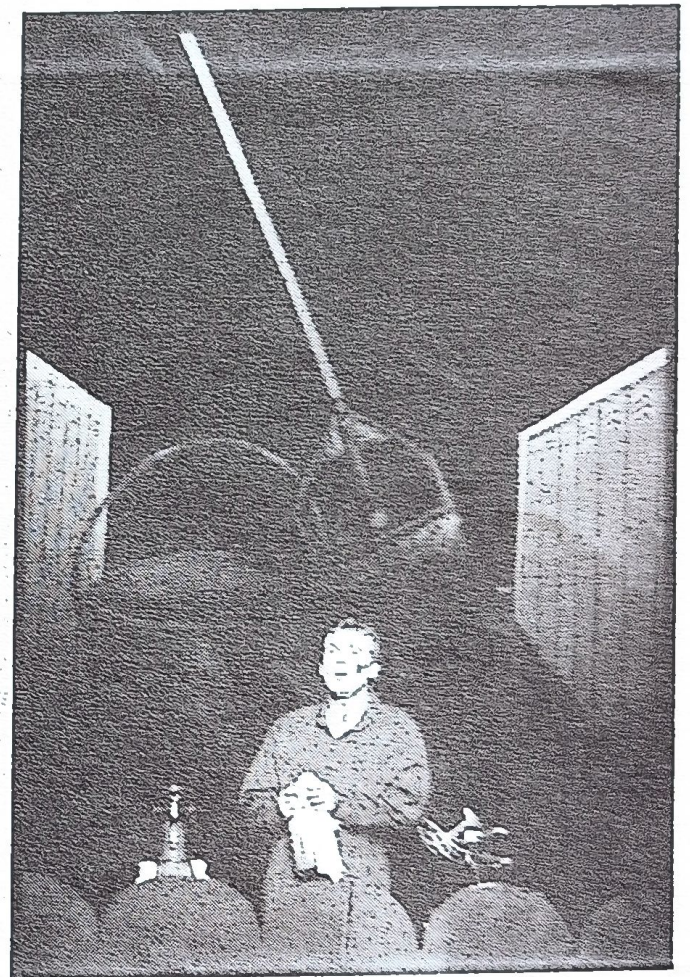
Dr. F makes his grand entrance



Trace & Frank in hour 3 of the autograph session



Mike is introduced at the keynote speech



Mike belts out the janitor song



The parade of Torgos-just makes you shiver don't it?



Julie signs someones belly